No. 14. PAGE 53

THE HIVE.

"BE THOU THE FIRST, OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND,——HIS PRAISE IS LOST, WHO STAYS 'TILL ALL COMMEND."

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1803.

FOR THE HIVE.

To Mr. TOM CARELESS.

WAS it generous, my dear sir, to assail the harmless race of Bloods or Beaux, with ARGUMEMTUM BACULINUM, or knocking-down argument, and by a long concatination of—not syllogisms, but peacocks, turkeys, ganders, turkey-buzzards and sparrows, to deprive them of the privilege of trotting like a lap dog along side of a lady? What a powerful combination you have formed against them! Who would undertake their defence when you are aided by the noble allies above enumerated?

As your logic seems to partake of the nature of your auxiliaries, I must be permitted to pass over it in silence. But I hope, however, to be indulged in your own mode of reasoning, which I admire for its facility.—Let animal be the genus—An ass is an animal, and so are you; an ass possesses the power of beginning motion, and so do you; an ass has two ears, and so have you; an ass is known by its braying, and so are you.—"Now according to my logic," you may be classed under the same genus with an ass; and a coincidence in several particulars, would almost lead one to suspect you belong to the same species.

JACK FURBELOW.

FOR THE HIVE.

IT is a trite observation that all publications, generated by party zeal, have generally expired with the party giving them birth. And this may be applied, no less to theological than to political writings. However great might have been the celebriety of a Bolingbroke or a Dickinson, as political writers; yet who is it that recollects much of the sublime style of the author of "Ideas of a Patriot King;" or the elegant language of the American patriot, animating his countrymen to a noble and just defence, of their lives, their property and their liberty? Compositions of this kind may be aptly compared to a distant comet, which astonishes for a while, by its luminous appearance, and then flies off, perhaps never more to be seen. The successful career of Junius, than whom no author was more universally read and admired, is nearly at an end; and "The Federalist," a work which claims for its patrons the first literary characters of our country; and which tended so much to the establishment of our present glorious constitution, is fallen into unmerited obscurity. This too has been the fate of the facinating Burke. There are yet a few, however, who read him with that pleasure ever accompanying a taste for elegancy of language and purity of classical diction. To the most graceful style he adds deep penetration and a thorough knowledge of the world; and in metaphysical disquisitions, few are his equals. In declamation he is vehement—in argumentation strong and irresistable, yet at the same time smooth and unruffled. With powers of eloquence worthy of a Chatham or a Mirabeau, he lays open to the merited contempt of a discerning public, every absurdity, attending the proceedings of the French revolution, when in its commencement; and in a strain of irony, peculiar to himself, points out the inconveniencies which would attend a legislation formed out of the mass of the people, without having a due regard to virtue, to property, and to talents. In the most glowing colours he delineates the consequences of *innovation*, a system so prevalent in modern times; and with his usual energy and manliness of thought, deprecates the absurd idea that learning and abilities, are of no advantage to any government, much less to a republic. Indeed, when speaking of the legislature of France, if his *alibi* could not have been proved, we would conceive him viewing some of our "gregorious" groups of American legislative bodies—so happily has he delineated them!

In short, as a classical writer Mr. Burke occupies the highest station—as a profound politician, he is unequalled—as one, capable of discerning the true interest of a nation, all his writings confess him pre-eminent: And as such, we earnestly recommend him to the attentive perusal of every one having the peace, welfare, and happiness of his country at heart.

Z.

COMMUNICATED FOR THE HIVE.

STORY OF DON JUAN.

[*From Cumberland's Observer.*]

THE following story is so extraordinary, that if I had not had it from good authority in the country where it happened, I should have considered it as the invention of some poet, for the fable of the drama.

A Portuguese gentleman, whom I shall beg leave to describe no otherwise than by the name of Don Juan, was lately brought to trial for poisoning his half-sister, by the same father, after she was with child by him. This gentleman had for some years before his trial led a very solitary life at his castle, in the neighbourhood of Montremos, a town on the road between Lisbon and Badagos, the frontier garrison of Spain. I was shewn his castle, as I passed through that dismal country, about a mile distant from the road, in a bottom surrounded with cork-trees, and never saw a more melancholy habitation. The circumstances urged against this gentleman were so strong, and the story was in such general circulation in the neighbourhood where he lived, and although he laid out the greatest part of a considerable income in acts of charity, nobody ever entered his gates to thank him for his bounty, or solicit relief, except one poor father of the Jerongmite convent in Montremos, who was his confessor, and acted as his almoner at discretion. A charge of so black a nature, involving the crime of incest as well as murder, at length reached the ears of justice, and a commission was sent to Montremos, to make enquiry into the case: the supposed criminal made no attempt to escape, but readily attended the summons of the commissioners. Upon the trial, it came out, from the confusion of the prisoner, as well as from the desposition of witnesses, that Don Juan, had lived from his infancy, in the family of a rich merchant at Lisbon, who carried on a considerable trade and correspondence in the Brazils; Don Juan, being allowed to take this merchant's name, it was generally supposed, that he was his natural son;

and a clandestine affair of love having been carried on between him and the merchant's daughter, Josepha, who was an only child, she became pregnant, and a medicine being administered to her by the hands of Don Juan, she died a few hours after, with all the symptoms of a person who had taken poison. The mother of the young lady, survived her death but a few days, and her father threw himself into a convent of mendicants, making over, by a deed of gift, the whole of his property to the supposed murderer.

In this account there seemed a strange obscurity of facts, for some made strongly to the crimination of Don Juan, and the last mentioned circumstance was of so contradictory a nature, as to throw the whole into perplexity; and therefore to compel the prisoner to a further elucidation of the case, it was thought proper to interrogate him by torture.

Whilst this was preparing, Don Juan without betraying the least alarm upon what was going forward, told his judges that it would save them and himself some trouble, if they would receive his confession upon certain points to which he should truly speak, but beyond which all the tortures in the world could not force one syllable.

He said he was not the son, as it was supposed, of the merchant with whom he lived, nor allied to the deceased Josepha any otherwise than by the tenderest ties of mutual affection and a promise of marriage, which, however, he acknowledged had not been solemnized: that he was the son of a gentleman of considerable fortune in the Brazils, who left him an infant to the care of the merchant in question: that the merchant, for reasons best known to himself, chose to call him by his own name, and this being done in his infancy, he was taught to believe that he was an orphan youth, the son of a distant relation of the person who adopted him; he begged his judges therefore to observe that he never understood Josepha to be his sister; that as to her being with child by him, he acknowledged it, and prayed God forgiveness for the offence which he intended to have repaired by marrying her: that with respect to the medicine, he certainly did give it to her with his own hands, for that she was sick, in consequence of her pregnancy, and being afraid of creating alarm or suspicion in her parents, had required him to order certain drugs from the apothecary, as if for himself, which he accordingly did, and he verily believed they were faithfully mixed, inasmuch as he stood by the man, whilst he prepared the medicine, and every ingredient separately put.

The judges thereupon asked him, if he would take it upon his conscience to say, that the lady did not die by poison? Don Juan, bursting into tears, for the first time, answered, to his eternal sorrow he knew that she did die by poison. Was that poison contained in the medicine she took? It was. Did he impute the crime of mixing the poison in the medicine to the apothecary, or did he take it on himself? Neither the apothecary nor himself, were guilty. Did the lady from a principle of shame, (he was then asked) commit the act of suicide, and infuse the poison without his knowledge? He started into horror at the question, and took God to witness that she was innocent of the deed. The judges seemed now confounded, and for a time abstained from any further interrogatories, debating the matter amongst themselves by whispers; when one of them observed to the prisoner, that according to his confession, he had said she did die by poison, and yet by the answers he had now given, it should seem as if he meant to acquit every person, on whom suspicion could possibly rest; there was, however, one interrogatory left, which, unnatural as it was, he would put to him for form's sake only, before they proceeded to greater extremities, and that question involved the father or mother of the lady. Did he mean to impute the horrid intention of murdering their child to the parents? No, replied the prisoner, in a firm tone of voice, I am certain no such intention ever entered the hearts of the unhappy parents, and I should be the worst of sinners, if I imputed it to them. The judges upon this, declared with one voice that he was trifling with the court, and gave orders for the rack; they would however, for the last time demand of him, if he knew who it was that did poison Josepha, to which he answered without hesitation, that he did know, but that no tortures should force him to declare it, and they might dispose of it as they saw fit; he could not die in greater tortures than he lived.

[To be concluded in our next.]

—

[*The following satirical tale, from the bewitching pen of* GOLDSMITH, *who, in the words of* TICKEL,

'Could laugh the foibles from the cheated heart,'

though by no means novel, will be ever entertaining.]

CHOANG AND HANSI,—*a Chinese tale.*

CHOANG was the fondest husband, and Hansi the most endearing wife, in all the kingdom of Corea. They were the pattern of conjugal bliss; the inhabitants of the country saw, and envied their felicity. Whenever Choang came, Hansi was sure to follow; and in all the pleasures of Hansi, Choang was admitted a partner. They walked hand in hand, wherever they appeared, shewing every mark of satisfaction, embracing, kissing; their mouths were forever joined.

Their love was so great, it was thought that nothing could interrupt their mutual peace; when an accident happened, which, in some measure, diminished the husband's assurance of his wife's fidelity; for love, so refined as his, was subject to a thousand little disquietudes.

Happening to go one day alone, among the tombs that lay at some distance from his house, he there perceived a lady, dressed in the deepest mourning, fanning the wet clay that was raised over one of the graves, with a large, fan, which she held in her hand. Choang, who had early been taught wisdom in the school of Lao, was unable to assign a cause for her present employment; and coming up, civilly demanded the reason. "Alas! (replied the lady, her eyes bathed in tears) how is it possible to survive the loss of my husband, who lies buried in this grave? He was the best of men, the tenderest of husbands; with his dying breath he bid me never marry again, till the earth over his grave should be dry; and here you see me steadily resolving to obey his will, and endeavoring to dry it with my fan. I have employed two whole days in fulfilling his commands, and am determined not to marry till they are punctually obeyed, though his grave should even take up four days in drying."

Choang, who was struck with the widow's beauty, could not, however, avoid smiling at her haste to be married; but concealing the cause of his mirth, civilly invited her home: adding, that he had a wife, who might be capable in giving her some consolation. As soon as he and his guest were returned, he imparted to Hansi in private, what he had seen, and could not avoid expressing his uneasiness, that such might be his own case, if his dearest wife should one day happen to survive him.

It is impossible to describe Hansi's resentment at so unkind a suspicion. As her passion for him was not only great, but extremely delicate, she employed tears, anger, frowns, and exclamations, to chide his suspicions; the widow herself was inveighed against; and Hansi was resolved never to sleep under the same roof with a wretch, who, like her, could be guilty of such a bare-faced inconstancy. The night was cold and stormy; however, the stranger was obliged to seek another lodging, for Choang was not disposed to resist, and Hansi would have her way.

The widow had scarce been gone an hour, when an old disciple of Choang's whom he had not seen for many years, came to pay him a visit. He was received with the utmost ceremony, placed in the most honourable seat at supper, and the wine began to circulate with great freedom. Choang and Hansi exhibited marks of mutual tenderness and unfeigned reconciliation; nothing could equal their apparent happiness; so fond a

husband, so obedient a wife, few could behold without regretting their own infelicity; when lo! their happiness was at once disturbed by a most fatal accident. Choang fell lifeless in an apoplectic fit upon the floor. Every method was used, but in vain, for his recovery. Hansi was at first inconsolable for her husband's death. After some hours, however, she found spirits to read his last will. The ensuing day she began to moralize and talk wisdom; the next day she began to comfort the young disciple; and on the third, to shorten the story, they both agreed to be married.

There was no longer mourning in the apartments; the body of Choang was thurst into an old coffin, and placed in one of the meanest rooms, there to lay unattended until the time prescribed by law for his interment. In the mean time, Hansi and the young disciple were arrayed in the most magnificent habits; the bride wore in her nose a jewel of immense price, and her lover was dressed in all the finery of his former master, together with a pair of artificial whiskers that reached to his middle. The hour of their nuptials were arrived; the whole family sympathised with their approaching happiness; the apartments were brightened up with a light that diffused the most exquisite perfumes, and a lustre more bright than noon day. The lady expected her youthful lover in an inner apartment, with impatience! when his servant approaching with terror in his countenance, informed her that his master had fallen into a fit, which would certainly be mortal unless the heart of a man lately dead, could be obtained, and applied to his breast. She scarce waited to the end of the story, when tucking up her clothes, she run with a mattock in her hand to the coffin where Choang lay, resolving to apply the heart of her dead husband, as a cure for the living. She therefore struck the lid with the utmost violence: in a few blows the coffin flew open, when the body which to all appearance had been dead, began to move.—Terrified at the sight, Hansi dropped the mattock, and Choang walked out, astonished at his own situation, his wife's unusual magnificence, and her more amazing surprise.

He went among the apartments, unable to conceive the cause of so much splendor. He was not long in suspence before his domestics informed him of every transaction since he became insensible. He could scarce believe what they told him, and went in pursuit of Hansi herself, in order to receive more certain information, or to reproach her infidelity. But she prevented his reproaches; he found her weltering in blood; for she had stabbed herself to the heart, being unable to survive her shame and disappointment.

Choang, being a philosopher, was too wise to make any loud lamentations; he thought it best to bear his loss with serenity; so mending up the old coffin where he had laid himself, he placed his faithless spouse in his room; and unwilling that so many nuptial preparations should be expended in vain, he the same night married the widow with the large fan.

As they were both apprized of the foibles of each other before hand, they knew how to excuse them after marriage. They lived together for many years in great tranquility, and not expecting to find rapture, they made shift to find contentment.

GALVANISM.

A criminal was lately beheaded at Breslan, in Germany; when several physicians assembled for the purpose of making Galvanic experiments on the head.—A person called in the ear by the deceased's name, asking whether he knew him? when the eyes opened, and the face turned to that side from which the sound proceeded.—When turned towards the sun, the eye-lids were storngly compressed. Upon putting a finger into the mouth, it received a bite. The back part of the head being struck, the muscles of the face were instantly contracted, so as to express the highest degree of pain. All these, & other experiments, made in the three first minutes after death, certainly prove the continuance of nervous sensation after decapitation, although they do not so clearly indicate any consciousness of pain.

We have numerous instances, in ancient and modern times, of motion after death.—It is mentioned, on good authority, that one of the Roman emperors, in displaying on the stage his dexterity in shooting, having, with a forked arrow, cut off an ostrich's head, the animal continued to run for a considerable distance afterwards. The same has been observed with regard to turkies. Another ancient author of credit asserts, that a sacrificed beast lowed after the heart had been cut from the body; and the great lord Bacon records an instance of the head of a pig having been opened, & the brains, while trembling, put into the palm of a man's hand, without breaking any part of it, or severing it from the back marrow, the pig lay to all appearance lifeless; the brain was then put back into the skull, and the head closed, when the pig revived and shortly after ran about as well as ever.

It is obvious, from these and similar experiments, that in men universally, and in beasts generally, a motion or nervous sensation prevails for a short time after death; while in eels, worms, snakes, flies, &c. motion exists after they are cut to pieces.—In men and beasts the spirit of vital principle is lodged chiefly in the head and cells of the brain; in birds it is more diffusive, entering into the sinews; while in worms, flies, &c. it is diffused all over, and therefore they move in their several pieces.

THE MECHANIC ARTS.

Mr. Pictit of Genevia, in his account of a late visit of three months to Great-Britain and Ireland, has astonished the people of the continent, with the following exhibition of English industry:—"There is," says he, "a case in which a raw material, value one half-penny, is raised by manufacture to the worth of 35,000 guineas!" This takes place in the art of watch-spring-making. A pound of crude iron only costs a half-penny; it is converted into steel, that steel is made into watch-springs; every watch-spring is sold at half a guinea, and weighs only one tenth of a grain. There are in a pound weight 7,000 grains; it, therefore, affords steel for 70,000 watch-springs. The value of all these, at half a guinea each, is 35,000 guineas.

MONITOR.

——SIXTY years hence! few, very few, who are now twenty years of age, will be found! What a melancoly truth!—But a truth it is—a stubborn fact!—and what is still more melancholy, many, very many of the lively actors on the stage of life at the present day, shall make their exit long ere sixty years have roled away!——Sixty years!—Could we be sure of sixty years what are they?—A tale that is told—a dream—an empty sound, that passeth away on the wings of the wind, that is forgotten. Years shorten as man advanceth in age:—Like the degrees in longitude, man's life decreaseth as we travel towards the frozen pole, until it dwindles to a point and vanishes forever! Is it possible that life is of so short a duration? Will sixty years destroy all the names over the doors in the cities and towns of this flourishing country, and place new ones in their stead? Will all the blooming beauties, who now appear more than mortal, fade and disappear in sixty years? Can it be the fate of the beaux, who now flaunt with finest flour on their heads, in sixty years to be powdered with dust and ashes?—Alas, it can, and most assuredly will be so!——"Sixty years!" says Death, grinning a ghastly smile—"do you suppose I am going to starve sixty years? Not I!—This very day, before the sun reaches the margin of the west, thousands of belles and beaux, besides numerous old men and babes, shall be sacrificed to feed; not to fill my empty maw."

AS a number of people do not appear to comprehend the clause of the act, respecting copper coinage, lately published by the treasurer, it may be necessary to inform them that the penalties of that clause do not take place until the 16th day of February next, six months after the notice from the treasurer. Until that day coppers will be legal tender as usual.

POETRY.

FOR THE HIVE.

PART OF THE SONGS OF SELMA, *VERSIFIED.*

[Concluded from page 52.]

O SALGAR! hear, 'tis Colma calls to thee,
Colma is here, and here's the rock and tree.
But lo! the moon its gentle beams now shew,
The stream now sparkling purls along below.
White shine the rocks—the rain has ceased now,
But ah! my love appears not on the brow;
His faithful dogs his coming do not warn,
The hunter, Salgar, whither art thou gone?—
But O! who on the heath beside me lie?
Doth Salgar and my brother meet my eye?
Speak, O my friends! 'tis Colma that is here,
O! speak and free me from my anxious fear.
Ah! they are dead—these weapons—bloody sight!
Proclaim too well the issue of the fight.—
O my brother! why hast thou slain my love?
O Salgar! how could'st thou his murd'rer prove?
Thousands thou excell'd in hunting on the plain;
Fierce in the fight was he; now both are slain.
Speak, sons of love!—they hear not what I say—
Ah! deadly cold are now their breasts of clay!
From the dark windy steep, and gloomy shade,
Speak—speak ye gentle ghosts!—I am not afraid:
O! tell me where you rest?—where the lone shade?
The hollow cavern, where your souls are fled?
Ah! no low voice half answers in the vale,
No fleeting words are borne me by the gale.
In tears and grief absorb'd, I sit forlorn,
Thus pass the heavy ling'ring hours 'till morn.
Now rear for me, my friends! the silent tomb—
Nor close it—for ere long will Colma come.
Ah! like a dream, now flies my life away,
Behind her Salgar, why should Colma stay?
Here by this melancholy purling rill,
Beside this sounding rock, this lonely hill,
Amidst the hollow shriekings of the winds;
My ghost shall stand the blast—& mourn my friends.
The wearried hunter from his booth shall hear,
My shrieking voice shall love, and yet shall fear.
Ah! sweet will be my voice to Colma's friends:—
For pleasant were to Colma her lost friends.

Thus sung Minona, softly-blushing maid,
We wept for Colma, and our souls were sad.
Then Ullin, with his tuneful harp next came,
And sung sad Alpin's melancholy strain;
Pleasant was Alpin's voice,——soft Ullin's lyre,
The soul of Ryno was a beam of fire.
Their plaintful voice in Selma now had ceas'd,
Ullin return'd quite wearried from the chase,—
He came before the warlike heroes fell,
But heard their mournful accents on the hill,
Who mourn'd the doleful tale of Morar's fate,
Whose sword was brave—whose soul like Fingal's
His death a father wept with sorrow'd song, [great.
And plaintive would his pensive sister mourn.
As Phoebe in the west, the rain espies,
Behind a cloud—the fleeting shower flies:
So from grey Ullin's song Minona hies.
With him I softly touch'd the tensed wire,
Then rais'd the song of mourning, with the lyre.

RYNO.

The raging winds have ceas'd, the rain is done,
The clouds dispersing—spread a calm e'er noon;
Th' unconstant sun through fleeting clouds is seen,
And mildly beams his rays o'er all the green.
Sweet through the rocky vale, the red'ned rill
Purls down the brow that's skirted by the hill;
The murm'ring stream delights my listning ear,
But sweeter is the heavenly voice I hear—
'Tis aged Alpin—'tis his plaintive song—
Ah! 'tis departed friends that he doth mourn.
Alpin! why on this hill dost thou complain?
Why mournful is thy voice, and sad thy strain?
Thou mourn'st as zephyr whistles thro' the wood,
Thy voice is like the waving of the flood.

ALPIN.

Ryno! my tears, alas! are for the dead,
My lowly voice mourns friends whose souls have fled.
Thou'rt fair in the vale—on the hill thou'rt tall,
Yet thou wilt soon like luckless Morar fall;
Thy friends will mourn thee on thy silent tomb,
No more wilt hunt—thy bow will lie unstrung.
Ah! swift wast thou, O Morar! on the heath;
Thy sword was fierce; and furious was thy wrath;
Thy voice in war was like the thunder's sound,
Like raging streams that dash o'er craggy ground;
Thine arm and cruel wrath, their victims found.
From war return'd:—thy brow bore peace again;
Thine eyes look'd mild, as Phoebus after rain;
Then thou wast gentle as the silver'd moon,
Calm as the lake when the loud wind is gone.

Three steps now compass thy narrow grave,
Ah! how small thy dwelling, O Morar brave!
No monument, save four green mossy stones
To shew the tomb where rests great Morar's bones.
One solitary leafless tree you'll find,
Some long spear'd grass that whistles in the wind:
These weeping objects meet the hunter's eyes,
And mark the place where mighty Morar lies.
Thy death, alas! no mother's tears can move;
No fair bewails thee with her tears of love....
Her soul who brought thee forth, alas! has fled;
And Morglan weeps his beauteous daughter dead.

Who on his staff is this? bent low with years—
Whose head is white, whose eyes are red with tears:
Morar's father!* whose fate ne'er reach'd his ears.
Ah! weep ag'd sire, your mighty Morar's fall,
His voice will never answer to thy call—
—Deep the sleep—low the pillow of the dead,
Morar is gone: he has forever fled;
For when shall morn in the dark grave arise
To bid the slumb'rer wake his long-shut eyes?
Farewell, thou bravest conqueror in war,
The field of battle ne'er shall see thee more:
Nor the dark lonely woods again e'er feel
Enlightned with the splendor of thy steel.
Thou'st left no son—but song shall tell thy name,
And future times shall hear of Morar's fame.

PHILO,
A youth not yet seventeen.

July 30, 1803.

* Torman, son of Carthul, lord of Imora, one of the western isles.

FOR THE HIVE.

THE STEALING OF A KISS.

YE Bloods and Bells, beware ye,
Or well it may not fare ye,
If mistress should but hear ye,
Stealing of a Kiss.

For madam sure would flutter,
And master he would mutter,
Or make a rousing splutter,
'Bout stealing of a Kiss.

Beware lest a detection,
A moment gives reflection,
Straitning all connection,
—For future in disgrace.

Not lips, whose red, inspiring,
With love, by passion firing,
—Not chaste in his desiring,
He ought to know his place.

Zounds! what a harm is kissing,
Why it might cause dismissing,
And after that a hissing,
It is so much amiss.

I would rather marry BLACKSTONE,
Or toy and play with JACKSTONE,
Or view my jacketee on,
Then try to steal a Kiss. M. R.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

CYRUS had taken the wife of Tigranes, and asked him what he would give to save her from servitude? He replied, all that he had in the world, and his own life into the bargain. Cyrus, upon this, very generously restored her, and pardoned what had passed. All was full of his praises upon this occasion; some commending the accomplishments of his mind, others those of his person. Tigranes asked his wife, whether she did not greatly admire him? "I never looked at him," said she. "Not look at him!" returned he. Upon whom then did you look?" "Upon him," replied she, "who offered his own life to redeem me from slavery."

Sigismund, emperor of Germany one day asked, "What was the first method of remaining happy in this world?" replied,—— "Only do always in health, what you often promised to do when you were sick.

APHORISM.....The worst of all knaves are those who can mimic their former honesty.

TERMS OF THE HIVE.

To town subscribers, and country subscribers who receive their papers in town, TWO DOLLARS per annum—payable in half-yearly advances.

To those who receive them by the Mail, TWO DOLLARS—payable in advance.

☞ *Complete files, from No. 1, may be had on application.*

All letters, communications, &c. transmitted to the Editor by mail, must have the postage paid, otherwise they will not be taken up.

Printing elegantly and promptly executed at this office.

An apprentice wanted to the *Printing Business*, as above—He will receive good treatment.

LANCASTER, (Penn.)
PRINTED BY
CHARLES M'DOWELL,
NEARLY OPPOSITE THE SIGN OF WM. PITT,
EAST KING-STREET.